



latterly. In "A Little Book of Western  
verses" these lines are on the fly leaf:

When Eugene Field lay dying  
The death that good men die  
Came Francis Wilson dying,  
As only he can fly.

"My friend, before you peter,  
And seek the shining shore,  
Write me, in common meter,  
Some autographic lore."

Then Eugene Field smiled sadly,  
And his eyes grew wan and dim  
But he wrote the verses gladly  
His friend required of him.

Secretary  
Phone 174

Mr. Dawson at Strengail.  
"Cincinnati Tribune: 'Isn't there any incense on earth that would induce you to take a bath?'" asked Mrs. Smallwort.  
"I might later, mum," replied Mr. Desmond.  
"Now, but just now no social doxies will not permit of it, mum. I got to appear the part of that there tough shanty in a lib'ly swore next week, an' you remember how he stood on the bathin' question, mum."